

Legacy

by Ruby

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Summary: Sequel to The Secret: Mel's story is not yet over, for she left behind a legacy that would last forever. This is the story of the seven lives she touched the most...

1. Part One: Katherine

Legacy: Mel **

Legacy

>Katherine
>
My life flashed before my eyes so quickly, I could barely catch a glimpse of anything.
>
 "Mommy!"
> The woman picked the girl up and swung her around. "I love you, honey."

> "Hi, I'm Rachel. Who are you?"
 "I'm Melissa!"
>
 "A bike! Oh, Daddy! Thank you!"
>
 "Happy Birthday, Melissa!"
> "Oh, a kitten! It's so sweet!"

> "It's the first day of school and we already have homework?"
 "You think that's bad, Melissa? I've a test tomorrow!"
>
 "Mom, Dad, where are you going?"
> "We have a meeting, honey."

> "Hey, Rachel! You want to head on over to the mall?"
 "Sorry, Melissa. I'm busy."
>
 "Hey, Mom? Dad? Can one of you help me with this math problem?"
> "We're busy right now, Melissa."
 "Besides, dear, you should learn to do your own work. That's how you learn."
>
 "I didn't notice you."
> The girl stepped back like she had been slapped. "But Daddy, I was crying." <dir> <dir>
Melissa, your father loves you more than you will ever. And more than he can ever show you.
>
Someone who knows

>
 "Mommy? Daddy, where are you?"
>
 "Dad, what is that?"
> "Shut up, human."

> "Prince Elfangor's Hirc Delest."

> "Taxxons are tracking you."
 "What do we do?"
> "We're going to make them think you died."

> An alien held a blue cube before a girl. Press your hand to the surface.

> "It's my decision. And I say yes."

> The Hork-Bajir seer placed a clawed hand on the girl's shoulder. "Welcome home."

> The Yeerks know.

> "A little girl named Karen."

> "The Yeerks have begun an all-out attack. It's over, Mel. It's all over."

> "If you do a wrong to stop and even greater wrong, does that make your wrong right?"
 "No."
> "Why not?"
 "No wrong can ever be right."
>
 "Don't die yet, Melissa. I'm expecting you to stick around for a long, long time."
> "You too, Toby, you too."

> "The stars... I used to believe, if you saw a shooting star, and made a wish, it would come true. I don't believe that anymore."

> "And I used to believe that good things happened to good people. I don't believe that anymore either."
>
 "You make me happy."
>
 "A cure. A cure for nothlits."
>
 "We are sisters. My blood is your blood. My DNA is your DNA."

>
 "When you get mad, you're not even human anymore...We've been fighting so much we don't think twice about murder. It's not wrong anymore, because we stopped caring...We're not human anymore, we're killing machines...if the fighting stopped, our souls would stop disintegrating. But it didn't stop. And now, it's too late."
>
 Do you want to know how we captured your little band?
> ...A trail. A trail of human blood. Very distinct...And we followed it...straight to your little hide-out.

> I love you, Melissa.
 I love you too, Toby.
> Goodbye...and good luck.

> A girl knelt down and wrote the words in the dust.
"Free or dead."
>
 So, do you believe in God?
> "I...I don't know."

> "Go to hell."
 "I'll see you there."
>
 "When you demorph, you picture your body the way you see yourself. You see yourself with the scars. When your own perception has changed, your body will obey that perception." A Hork-Bajir smiled faintly. "Morphing is controlled by the mind, so you must learn to control your mind."
>
 I love you, sister.
>
 "Do you remember me?"
> "I've never met you before in my life."
"Oh, we've met alright. Long ago. You're host had a daughter. Don't you remember, Daddy dearest? Her name wasâ€" "
> "â€"Melissa!"

> "That's what I have to trade," the man said. "A whole planet full of . . . that_." "
>
 "I know more about you than you could imagine, Melissa Chapman."
> "That's not my name."
 "No matter how much you have changed,

you will always be Melissa Chapman. You will always be human."

>
 "We are all part of a cosmic play. And each has his own part. Your father plays an important role, and so do you. But someone has changed the script, and I must do the same. I cannot reverse it, but I can soften the damage to the future. But like him, I cannot directly affect the course of time. We must have others to do it for us, if they are willing. Are you willing, Melissa?"

>
 "It is your choice, Melissa. Your choice." A woman pointed to a General Store on the corner of a busy intersection. "Go, or not. Come with me to the protest, or go meet destiny. Your choice."

>
 "Katherine. My name is Katherine."

>
 "But you're not me. It is my choice. The blood will be on my hands. But think. I can save the lives of billions of people, by killing one man. The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few."

> "That doesn't make murder right."
 "No, it doesn't. But I shall pay the price Justice serves. If my father dies, his daughter ceases to exist. An eye for an eye."

>
 I love you... _

>
 "Daddy!" I screamed. My eyes snapped open. Ceiling. White. Smooth. I was in a house. I bolted up, adrenaline coursing through my veins. "Where the hell am I?" I whispered to no one.

> Time stopped. I could literally feel it stop. I don't know how. I just did.

> Theresa appeared on my bed.
 I jerked back, knowing full well she was not truly human. "What the hell did you do?"

> "Did you think your contract was over?" She laughed. "Surprise!"

 Now I was mad. "I wanted to die! I've had enough of this life. _Enough!_ Do you hear? _I can't take it anymore!_"

> "Isn't this what you wanted? A normal life. A loving family. The life you never had?" She asked.
 Tears threatened to spill. "I wanted _my_ life. _My_ family."

> She put a hand on my shoulder. "The cosmic game is not over. Act I has ended. Act II has yet to begin. Besides," she said as she pushed my bangs out of my eyes like my mother used to, "I think you'll like this part."
 I looked down at myself for the first time and realized immediately my human morph, only a bit younger. "You did this." I did not indicate what 'this' was.

> "I can call an understudy, you know." Theresa whispered. "But I don't think you should lose the starring role."
 "Is it opening night?" I asked, my question midway between mockery and true curiosity.

> "No." Her eyes got a faraway look. "This play has been cast and made many times, and each time it has failed. And each time, it gets harder to start again. But I can't give up. You can never give up on something you believe in." She sagged slightly. "At least this time, they think it's Act II. It's really a new start, you know. But they think it's Act II."
 For a brief moment, I understood. The players of this gigantic chess game. The directors, the actors, even the audience we were trying to save. Then it past, lost in the far reaches of my subconscious mind.

> "What's my name?" I whispered.
 "What name did you give yourself?"

> I frowned. "Mel?"
 "No, what you told Chapman."

> "Katherine."
 "Welcome to 1971, Katherine." Theresa stood up. "I must be going." She glanced at the door. "But your father's coming up. He heard you yell." She turned back to me. "Love him, for he loves you very much." And then she was gone.

> Nothing extravagant. No sparks or smoke or 'Poof!'. Not even a light display. One second she was there, and the next, she was gone.
 I

heard thumping on the stairs, and the door creaked open. A bear of a man with a beard and whiskers came in. He looked nothing like my father, and I cared nothing for him.
>"Are you okay, pumpkin?"
I nodded. "Fine. Just a nightmare."

>He sat down and gave me a hug. "Wow, must have been some nightmare to make you scream like that." If you'd only knew.
>I squirmed, not comfortable with a complete stranger giving me a hug. Especially since I had learned to be wary of everything. He took it as embarrassment.
"What? Too old for your dad? I'm not cool enough?"
>I couldn't help but smile.
"Come on, what do you say we sneak downstairs and go into town and get some ice cream at the parlor? Huh? Just you and me, like old times. You're mother will never know." He winked.
>Ice cream. I hadn't had ice cream for years.
A frozen part of my heart melted a bit. The part that had been reserved for my father. For those 'father-daughter' hikes and learning how to ride a bike and ball games and even doing homework. The ice lump was there, just a little smaller.
>I nodded. "Okay."

>The ice cream tasted like heaven on my tongue. I had forgotten how wonderful it tasted. Cool and smooth, the richness of chocolate mingled with the pure sweetness of sugar.
I sighed contentedly.

>My father grinned. "I know the ice cream would get to you."
I allowed a laugh. My memories of this life had surfaced. I knew this man. I knew myself, and my mother, and this world. But I still felt no emotion.
>I did not belong here.
The ice cream suddenly tasted bitter in my mouth. I wanted to go home. To my home. With Rachel and Cassie and Jake and Ax and Marco and Tobias. _
>But, I chafed myself silently, _they're all dead. And you would be too had you stayed there. _
>I suddenly realized something. I was in the past. The future was yet to come. The world I remembered was not gone. It had yet to come. Twenty-five years from now, this would be the world I knew. The Animorphs would still be a group of kids. The only thing that would be changed would be me...and the Yeerks...and because of them, the world.
I may have lost the world I knew, but I had gained a new, and perhaps, better one.
>Today was the 25<sup>th<sup>. I knew there was something I had to do.
>I turned to my father. "Dad, thanks for the ice cream, but I've got to go. There's a friend I have to see. You don't mind, do you?"
He waved it off. "Go. It's summer. Enjoy yourself, but be back for dinner."
>I nodded and ran off.

>I ran into the woods. I relied on my memory and instinct to find the meadow. It took a while but in the end I did. It was just as I remembered it.
Tobias's meadow. It was his birthday. Or, at least, it should have been.
>Ten years from now, he would be born. Or at least, I hoped so. No telling how my interference with the timeline would affect Elfangor and Loren. But I doubted the Ellimist...Theresa...whatever, would let his favorite human cease to exist.
There was a feather in the grass. A rusty-colored tail feather. I could have been from any red-tail hawk. I knew it was from Tobias.
>I fingered it in my hand. "Happy Birthday, Tobias." I whispered. "And good luck."
A breeze ruffle my hair. The sunshine warmed my

skin. I took a deep breath and smiled. Theresa was right. I had gotten what I wanted. _

>I'm home.

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To be continued in...

Legacy

Part Two: Tim

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2. Part Two: John

Legacy

>AN: Okay, so I switched the order around...::hides:: Tim's Part Five now..._

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> <p>Legacy<p> John**

>
I groaned as 'Game Over' flashed across the screen.

>"Oh, man! You made us lose again!" My best friend, Mike, punched me lightly in the shoulder.
I shoved him back. "Ah, shaddup."

>He grinned. "I've got no more muh-la, Johnny boy." He showed me his empty pockets.
I shrugged. "Me neither. Let's go home."

>"Hey, John!" I turned at the sound of the voice to see Tim waving.

He fought through the crowds over to us.
"Hi, Tim." I smiled.

Tim's a nice guy, but he gets picked on a lot 'cause he's real skinny and shy. I once saved him from a swim in the toilet, and ever since then, he's sorta been my friend.

>"So," He began, "I was thinking maybe we'd walk home together?"

I looked to Mike for his consent, and he nodded his 'okay'.

>"Sure." I said to Tim.
On the way out, we met up with my second cousin once removed, (or something like that. I never figured out what it meant) Robyn, and her friend Christine.

>Robyn was carrying about five shopping bags. Christine was carrying none. Really, they're total opposites. I don't see how they could be best friends, but they are. Truthfully, I've never figured girls out.
Robyn's model-like on the outside, but she's got a short temper and can be real nasty if you get her mad. Christine's way more laid back. She looks average, but is the nicest person you'll ever know. And she's pretty in her own way. I guess you could say I liked her, but I won't get into that.

>"You guys cutting through the construction site?" I asked.
Robyn nodded. "Yeah."
>"By yourselves?" I asked skeptically.
Robyn glared at me. "Yeah, do you have a problem with that? I don't need your protection, John. Just because I'm a girl doesn't meanâ€" "
>"Hey!" Christine interrupted. "It'd be safer for all of us to walk together."
>Robyn shut up at the inference that she might be protecting us guys.
The construction site was deserted, as it had been for the past year. They were going to build some office building there, but had changed their minds. The half-built structure was like a ghost town. A not-quite-there reminder of an instant that would never exist.

>As we walked through it, I got the distinct feeling that something was off. I looked up at the sky.
There was nothing there.
>I shook the feeling off. We were halfway through the site by now.
We should have stopped. We didn't.
>I hesitated and let the others pass by ahead of me. They were oblivious to the significance of the moment.
I looked back at the empty space we had just walked through.
>He should have been there. Elfangor.
>But he wasn't. He never would be. Everything had been changed.
I smiled. It was as if suddenly a great weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I knew things would be alright. Earth was free. Earth would always be free.
>We were free too. Free from the gift and curse that had enchained us all.
I didn't really understand it. I never would. But none of that really mattered. I knew in my soul things would be okay. That was enough.
>"Hey, John! You coming?" Robyn yelled back to me.
I glanced at her. "Yeah. Coming."
>I looked back at that place where, in another time, another world, something had happened.
"Hey, wait up!" I jogged to catch up with the others. And all the while, at the back of my mind, there was only one thing I knew. _
>We are free.
>

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><div>To be continued in...

Legacy

Part Three: Michael

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> Okay, if you're confused, I don't blame you. But I really hope you're not. Er...Mel=Katherine=KAA. John=Jake. I'll let you figure out the rest of the people on your own :)
>Supposedly, KAA changed their names to conceal their identity and wrote the books. Anything that cannot be explained logically can be

attributed to the Ellimist. If you have any questions or comment,
e-mail me or review (but leave you e-mail so I can reply back!)

Thankyou. <div>

3. Part Three: Michael

Legacy **

Legacy

Michael**

>
The car pulled up beside me. I opened the passenger side door and hopped in.

>"How was school, Mike?"
"Fine."

>"Just fine?" She teased.
I grinned. "Yeah."

>"And that algebra test?"
I squirmed in my seat. "It was okay."

>"You didn't study, did you?"
"Erm...no?"

>"Spill it, Mike. What did you get?"
I coughed. "Ree."

>"What was that?"
"Hee." I mumbled.

>She raised an eyebrow while trying to keep her eyes on the road.

"Did you just say a D?"

>I tried to make myself as small as possible. "Er...maybe?"
She laughed. "What will I tell your father?"

>"Well...maybe we could just keep this our little secret?"

"_Mike._"

>"Alright, alright! I'll make it up on the next one."
She frowned. "You better get an A."

>"I will." I promised.
"And to make sure you do..." I knew my punishment was coming. "No TV for a week."

>"A week?"

>"Would you like me to make that two weeks?"
"No."

>She looked at me. "Tell you what. When we get home, you'll go do your homework, and I'll bake some brownies."
"Brownies? Really?"

>"Really."
I grinned. "Thanks, Mom."

>
Dad rubbed his stomach. "Goodness, Laura, you have to make those famous brownies of yours more often."

>Mom laughed. "And watch you get fat off them?"
Dad shrugged. "I wouldn't mind. Mike, would you?"

>I grinned. "Nope."
Dad snaked an arm around Mom's waist. "That's not the only thing you're famous for."

> Mom giggled like she was still in high school.
Dad gave her a quick kiss. "I love you, hon."

>Her arms wrapped around his neck. "I love you too."
I shook my head and headed for the stairs. "I'll leave you two lovebirds alone."

>
I yawned and closed my math book.

>Mom poked her head in. "All done?"
I nodded and plopped down on my bed. "Yeah."

>She brushed the hair out of my eyes. "Okay, sleep tight, don't let the bed bugs bite."
I grinned. She always said that.

>I don't know why, but I suddenly had an urge to hug my mom.
So I did.

>"I love you, Mom." I whispered.
"I love you too, Mike."

>There were tears in her eyes. There were tears in mine too.
I don't know why, but at that moment, I felt like the luckiest kid in the world.

>We both felt it. We both knew just how lucky we were.
I love my mom. I always have, but at that moment I realized just how much. The feeling was one of simple and unconditional love. That moment in time was very special. I had my mom.
>"Don't ever leave me, Mom." I whispered.
"I'd never leave you, Mike. I promise." _
>You're alive, Mom. That's all that matters.
>

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><div>To be continued in...

Legacy

Part Four: Christine

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> Okay, due to repeated questions, I'm going to explain this as best as I can. Chapman was killed in The Secret. He never told the Yeerks about humans, therefore the Yeerks never came to Earth, therefore the Andalites had no reason to send a fleet there, therefore Elfangor never showed up. JohnJake's memory is due to the significant impact the other timeline would have had on him. It's a part of who he is. Remember, _this_ isn't the 'right' timeline either, just the best Ellimist could come up with. Crayax messed with in 'original' (details of which will be given later), so the Ellimist did the same. Who they would have been are affecting the Animorphs.

4. Part Four: Christine

Legacy **

Legacy

Christine **

>
I picked up the pencil absently and began to sketch. I wasn't quite sure what I was drawing. Something...a vague idea that was somehow very clear in the back of my mind.
>A picture emerged on the paper of my science notebook. It was a girl. A very young girl. Only a small child really.
I knew the name of that girl. _Karen. _
>I drew the features carefully and with great detail. On the girl's hand sat a butterfly.
I realized what I was doing and quickly ripped the picture out of the book. I shoved it into my pocket before my teacher could see it. _
>What am I doing? I thought. _I've never drawn anything in my life!_
>I pushed any thoughts of the picture out of my mind and tried to focus on the teacher's words.
 _
>Two months later...

>
I shoved my hands in my jeans and was surprised to feel paper beneath my fingers.

>I pulled it out hoping to find some long lost money and was disappointed to see that it was only a crumpled folded sheet of notebook paper.
Curiously, I unfolded it and smoothed it out.

>It was a picture. A picture of a young girl holding a butterfly in her hand.
I frowned. There was something wrong with this picture.

>Unconsciously, my hand reached out and grabbed a pencil.
I erased the girl's forehead and in its place began to draw. The creature looked like a slug. The size of a rat. I knew what it looked like. I knew it could take away everything I valued, but I trusted it. I trusted her. Aftran.

>I drew her in her normal form, not flattened out in the crevices of Karen's brain, for she had let Karen go.
I wrote one word at the bottom of the page. Peace.

>That was what she wanted. That was what I wanted. And we would have it. I was sure of that.
We will have peace.

>

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To be continued in..._

Legacy

Part Five: Tim

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5. Part Five: Tim

Legacy **

Legacy

>Tim

>
I traced the outline of the wing on the cover. The book was a gift from my uncle. He doesn't love me, or care about me, or anything. Never has. But the crash made him feel guilty, at least, for a while. Guilty for leaving me with my aunt, I guess. She's an alcoholic. Or was. I don't suppose she could get any booze in jail. Or maybe she's out by now. I wouldn't know. She's banned from contacting me. I guess that's a good thing.

>And now I'm stuck with this stupid foster family that doesn't give a crap about me either. But that's better than my aunt. Hell, anything's better than my aunt.
My uncle didn't want me, even though he was my only living relative. But he has money, and once in a while, he sends some money as a Christmas present. Like I said, better than nothing.

>Which was how I was able to buy all the other books. It's a book series, and I'm obsessed with them. I guess I like that guy Tobias. I

dunno, maybe it's 'cause I can relate to him. I mean, I have a pretty lousy life. Being a bird doesn't sound all that bad. I'd miss being human, but I wouldn't miss my life.
Well, at least I don't have to stay with my aunt anymore. All because of the accident. I guess I'll have to thank her for that.

>She was drunk that night. She was driving. We crashed. Straight into a tree.
I broke my leg, my nose, and was in a coma. She broke both arms.

>I was in the hospital for three weeks. And that's when something quite strange happened. I can't remember all of it, just that cool steel on my forehead...
 _

>He looks at me, and he smiles. My son.
He is different, not human, and yet I feel the love he has for me. "Father?"

>Yes.
"Why did you leave us?"

>I'm sorry. I had to. The galaxy needed me, and one day it will need you too. He has a tail. There is a blade on it. He presses the broad side to my forehead. The cool steel...
Memories. Not my own. Someone else...his. I can't understand. Things I don't know. So many things...images, sounds, emotions...all blurred together.

>He's fading. Everything is fading.
I love you, my son. Live.

>I open my eyes. A white ceiling. A doctor peers down at me. He says something.
I blink. I try to say something, but the words don't come right. Splinters of pain fill me head. I go back to sleep. _

>
When I woke up again, the doctor was gone. I realized I was in a different room.

>Suddenly, my uncle walked into the room. "Tim?"
"Hi." I muttered.

>"The doctor says you're going to be okay."
I said nothing.

>He sighed. "Look, kid, I'm sorry. I knew your aunt had a problem. Heck, I was married to her. Maybe my leaving was the reason she started drinking. I don't know. I shouldn't have left you there. I'm sorry."
I shrugged.

>He handed me a package. "Look, I have to go. My flight's in an hour. Have to get to London for an important business meeting. I'll call later, okay?"
I nodded, doubtful that he would actually keep his word.

>He patted my shoulder awkwardly. "I'm real sorry, kid. If I had known..."
It really didn't matter what he said. I already knew the truth. It wouldn't have mattered if he had known. He still would have never taken me in.

>He stood up. "Hey, uh, I hope you enjoy the present. My neighbor says kids your age love them. Talk to you later." And he was gone. He never called back. I was put in foster care.
But the books...those were his present. A four-book set. I read them in the hospital 'cause I was bored. And I loved them. I was completely hooked. Afterwards, I spent every cent I had on more. I had fallen in love with a world that didn't exist.

>
The book I held was one of the one he had given me. The first one I read. It was about a kid trapped as a hawk. Oh, how I wanted to be that kid. To have that kind of friends. That kind of freedom. It would have been the greatest thing in the world.

>I leaned back and stared into the sky, imagining flying over the world on wings.
That's what I want to do._ I thought to myself. _

>I want to fly.

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To be continued in...

Legacy

Part Six: Robyn

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> I'm going to clarify a few things that my beta-reader asked.

The 'real' Anis are John, Mike, Christine, etc. Jake, Marco, etc are names made up by KAA. Remember, The Secret is 'written' by KAA some time close to the present (2000). Tim is 'real' in not an alternate reality, but one of the possible timelines. Not the 'perfect' (according to the Ellimist) timeline, but pretty close in the final result.
>Since so many people are confused and have asked questions, I've decided to do a sequel. I'll further explain this in Mask -Sequel to Legacy. <div>

6. Part Six: Robyn

> <meta name="Generator"> Legacy **

Legacy

>Robyn
>
I stormed down the hall muttering to myself. "How dare she! That bitch!"
>The crowd parted to let me by. They knew not to mess with me.
A blond blob bobbed in front of me, blocking my way. His back was to me, oblivious to my presence. Some new kid.
>"Get out of my way." I snapped as I shoved him aside.
"Hey!" He glared at me. "Watch it!"
>I made a fist and held it in front of his face. "Don't mess with me."
He shoved my hand away. "Bitch."
>"What did you call me?" I demanded.
"You don't scare me." His fists balled up. "And I called you a bitch."
>
I grabbed his shoulder and spun him around. I was keyed up, throbbing with barely contained rage.
>"You looking for a fight right here?" he asked.
"Why not?" I snapped.
>
>My fist came up and punched him in the eye.
He fell to the floor.
>But I have to admit, the kid had guts. He got up and punched me in the stomach, knocking the wind out of me.
I brought my knee up and it connected with his ribs.
>His lashed out with his fist, aimed at my jaw...
 _

>He stepped back, drew back his fist, and swung at me. I dodged the blow. I grabbed his head with one arm and jammed the fork against his ear.
 _

>The principal sighed. "Robyn."
I said nothing.

>He looked up from my records at me, obviously noting my bruised cheek and dirtied clothes.
I stared back stonily.

>"This is the third fight this week!" He exclaimed. He brushed back his thinning hair. "Robyn, your suspended for two weeks. And I'll have to recommend you for expulsion."

>There was a long moment of silence as he waited for my reaction.
I turned and stormed out, slamming the door behind me.

>
I was expelled in the end. I moved in with my dad, and things...changed. I didn't have that...that feeling anymore. Hate, I suppose. I couldn't control it. It controlled me.

>But then things got better. The feeling was gone, and I forgot about that kid. That is, until I saw him again. That night...Oh, God...That night...That kid...

>I rubbed my hands together. "It's freezing today!" I exclaimed to my partner, Brian Archer.
He chuckled. "Told you to get some coffee at the cafÃ©."

>"Yuck." I muttered.
I banged on the dashboard, trying to get the heater to start up again.

>"Whoa, there!" Archer grabbed my hand. "Don't break my car."

"It's the squad's car." I pointed out.

>"That's beside the point."
"Fine." I sighed and leaned back. "You win. We'll go to Christy's."

>"Yes!" Archer cheered. "I've finally convinced you to try coffee!"

"Nuh-uh." I shook my head. "I'm just going to get a cup of hot chocolate."

>Archer groaned.
I grinned. "Gotcha. Had you going there, huh, Archer?"

>He grimaced. "Yeah, I admit defeat."
I laughed.

>He shifted to drive. "Alright, Christy's it is." He grinned at me. "I'll get you yet."
I merely laughed. "In your dreams, Archer!"

>
The radio cracked to life with a sudden burst of static. _

>Ten-four, we have a burglary in process. Corner of Main and Furth. Over.

>I sat up straight. "Main and Furth? Did she say Main and Furth?"

>Brian slammed on the brakes. "That's only a few blocks away. Let's go."
I grabbed the radio. "Roger that, ten-four. This is car 12. We're on it."

>"So much for coffee." Archer muttered as the car sped down the street.
Thoughts swarmed my head. _Oh my god, oh my god. _

>"Archer?" I whispered.
"What?" He asked tensely.

>"Ashley, my friend. Her store's on that corner."
"The one at the party? With the hairdresser place?"

>"Yeah, Meeko's House of Hair."
"Damn." Archer muttered. He put on an extra burst of speed and we shot down the street, sirens baring.

>
I grabbed the radio. "What's the name of that store?" I demanded. _

>The Comp Stop.

>I sighed, relieved.
Archer pulled up in front of the store. The front window was smashed.

>I jumped out of the car, gun drawn.
"Go out back." Archer hissed.

>I nodded and crept along the shadows towards the back of the store.

I checked around the alley. There was nothing.
>"Don't move!" The cry was from the front.
I dashed back to find a young man holding a gun on Archer.
>"Freeze!" I screamed, my gun trained on the man's back. "Drop the gun!"
He turned and saw me.
>That face...that blond hair...those blue eyes...I knew them. I hated them. David.
>The face I remembered was ten years younger, but none of that mattered. It didn't matter that the kid I remembered didn't exist. That the memory of the face wasn't mine.
I hated him. I hated him with every fiber of my body. An unexplained, irrational hatred.
>
"Pretty upset over that Bird-boy, aren't you? What, did you like him or something?" He grinned. "That's it, isn't it? Aww, how sweet. Too bad. But you know, birds have a short life span."
>
>His finger twitched. I saw his hand loosen to drop the gun.

>Tim...If David had killed Tim...
Brian...No, he'd kill Brian...

>David...
The kid...
>Stop him.
Kill him.
>
>It was the longest moment of my life. My mind arguing with something that was imbedded into my very soul.
"Brian." I whispered. _For you, Tim. _
>I fired.

>The gun dropped to the ground. The body lay motionless on top of it.
Archer ran over.
>I vaguely heard the clatter my gun made as it dropped from my hands. Archer caught me as my knees gave out.
"Robyn!" He screamed. "Are you okay?"
>"Brian!" I gasped, sobbing into his chest. "Oh, Brian!"
"It's okay." He whispered. "It's okay."
>"I killed him, Brian. I killed him."
He put his arms around me and let me cry into his shoulder.
>Sirens wailed around us as the other squad cars arrived.
David was dead.
>
I sat in the squad car, shivering. I had just killed a man. Not in self-defense or anything. There was no excuse. This was cold-blooded murder.
>Someone handed me a cup of coffee. I took it, not caring. The heat warmed my numb fingers.
I took a tentative sip. The liquid burned at my throat, the bitter taste matching the feeling in my heart. I watched through the window as the paramedics carried the body away.

>Archer came over and got into the car. "Are you okay?"
I nodded.

>Archer sighed and looked away. I could tell he didn't believe me.
"The owner, Alex somebody or other, is going down to the precinct. We gotta go meet him there." Archer leaned back in his chair.
>There was a long silence.
"What was his name?"
>"What?"
"The kid I killed. What was his name?"
>Archer didn't answer for a long time. "David." He said finally. "I don't know his last name."
I nodded.
>Archer started the engine and we drove to the precinct in silence. Silence except for my own torturing thoughts.
I killed him. I killed him because I hated him. But I don't know why I hated him, why I killed him._ That question would haunt me for the rest of my life.

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> <em><br>Why did I kill him?_  
> <br>  
> <br>  
> <br>  
> <br>  
><div><em>To be continued in...<em>
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Legacy

Part Seven: Aximili

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7. Part Seven: Aximili

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> <meta name="Generator"> Legacy
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****Legacy****

**** Aximili**

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> <strong>
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>The ship maneuvered into a soft landing in the port.
We're down. One officer announced.

>My brother Elfangor shut down the engines. Everyone else on the bridge was oblivious to me.
The Captain glanced at me, then turned to Elfangor. Okay, you two. You've got one week home. Then we leave for the Amorni system.

>Both of us? I asked, surprised. It was unusual for family members to be sent into battle together, unless, of course, there was a significant lack of troops. They thought there would be a better chance of at least one member surviving if they were separated. It is a very tough blow to any female if both sons or a husband and a son are killed. I was only an aristh, and since Elfangor was my Prince, we would naturally be assigned together, but still...
The Captain glared at me for the interruption. You will go where you are assigned. His eyestalks wavered a bit when he looked at Elfangor. Everyone respected and loved Elfangor. You are brothers, and I understand your father passed away recently...he was a great friend, I knew him personally...and perhaps it would be best for your mother if one of you stayed... He hesitated, unsure what to say. Well, it's up to you. He saluted his tail at us and left.

>You're not going. Elfangor said quietly.
WHAT? I demanded, then lowered my thought-speech when a few Andalites looked over. Why? I asked privately.

>Mother needs you.
She may, but that's not why you want me to stay. Tell me the truth.

>Elfangor sighed and looked away. I will explain when we get home.

>Mother!
Elfangor! Aximili! She took our hands in hers and touched blades with us. It's so good to see you again.

>How have you been, Mother? Elfangor asked.
Oh, well, ever since your father... She stroked my face with her palm. It has been a bit lonely.

>Elfangor placed his hand on her shoulder. But will you be alright, Mother? He asked with concern.
She patted his hand. Of course.

>Mother smiled and tried to look happy. How long are you on leave?

One week, Mother.

>I could see disappointment in her eyes. One week. I see. She sighed. And where then?
The Armoni system.

>The Armoni system? She gasped. But the Yeerks...
Yes, Mother. I am going to stop them. Elfangor assured her.

>You? She blinked. Aximili...
Aximili is not going, Mother.

>I started to protest, but the look Elfangor sent me stopped me.

>Why? I demanded later that night, after Mother had fallen asleep.

There is something that must be done, and if I cannot do it, I want you to.

>What do you mean?
I want you to go to Earth.

>Earth?
Yes, Earth. If I die, Aximili, I want you to go there.

>Why?
There is a boy. A human boy. His name is Tim. And I want you to find him.

>What does a human boy have to do with anything?
He is my son.

>What? Elfangor, you can't be serious!

>I am very serious, Aximili. He is your nephew, and you will find him.
You are not going to die! You can go find him yourself.

>I will die, Aximili. I can feel it.
Brother...

>Find him. And tell him. Tell him I loved his mother very much. And that I'm sorry for leaving. I never to leave him, but my people, my other people, needed me. I wanted to stay. I wanted to stay and love him and his mother and watch him grow up. I wanted to be there for my son, but I was not. And for that, I am sorry.
You will not die, Brother. You will _not_.

>But if I do, will you go?
I stared at him for a long time. It was difficult to believe, but my brother had never lied to me before. I brought my tailblade to my throat. Upon my honor, and upon this family, I promise, my Prince, and my brother.

>
I never saw Elfangor again. That was many, many years ago. But I did what he asked. It took many years before I could find a way to go. I had to wait until my retirement from the military, but I did it. I went to the planet called Earth, to look for my brother's son.

>And I found him.
I kept my vow to my brother.

>In a way, he was the one who started it all...
My brother, Elfangor... _

>

>

>

><div>
And so it ends

>The way it started
With a hero named Elfangor

>
He touched many hearts

>And changed many lives
But those he would have changed the most

>Would never forget

>Memories of a nonexistent past
Dreams of a future lost

>

>She changed the world
She defied fate

>But the memories stayed

>The world would have thanked her
But five had to curse

>They lived their lives
With feelings they did not know

>Memories they did not understand
Could not control
>
But the truth would be told
>And the past explained
And _she_ would speak
>Tell them why

>The mask of their world will be shed
The truth will be revealed

>And the faces
Of the would-be-heroes
>Will be shown

>
The final story, of those who would have been, the saviors of
the galaxy:
>
MASK

>

>

>

>

>

>

* * *

> Okay, so, what do you think? Mask will explain pretty much all that
can be explained. Do you really want me to write it, or do you want
to be left hanging like that? Any questions? Confusions? Rotten
tomatoes? Send them to me<a>.

End
file.